THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal - - - Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

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The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

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Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.

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For the Guide.

National Virtue.

Mr. Editor.—After having written so much of a controversial nature, I wish to furnish for your Press an article purely moral. I owe it to *our* country, to your readers, and to myself, to elucidate my Poem in the March number, captioned "A deaf Mute's Song," for in that matter I alluded to but *two* vices of our people, confined to no section except by shades of difference, or degree of magnitude; whereas the volume of their wickedness, excepting a few, chosen and exemplary, everywhere, is of appalling numeration! I so do because I regard, (even if I be singular or peculiar in this opinion,) the troubles of this great Nation, or this *once* great people, as resulting not from the operation of political acts, so much as from the abandonment God has made of us to the effects of our own individual follies—owing to continued pertinacity in them! Our hearts, North and South, are hardened against concession to each other; and this is the direct tendency to civil war; and in civil feud by mutual slaughters—ending as all Republics at variance, internally, have, sooner or later, in despotism. If God, in anger, hardened Pharaoh's heart so that he would not, or rather *could not* listen to Moses, it was because that king and the Egyptians had always been sinning, long ere Moses and Aaron went to them. We Americans, as a people, have long been sinning, and our repentances, prayers, fasts and congregation in sanctuaries, were, it would seem, more the effect of art, of the head, than of the concomitance of the heart, or willing soul! If "hitherto the Lord hath helped us," because righteous men dwelt among us, ten of whom would have saved Sodom, it cannot *always* be that God's grace will wait for or upon those ten; but, finally, even Nineveh must fall. Just so is it with our nation. God hath waited long with the compliment of what numbers of righteous persons we have; but the same enumeration has not been able to extend the limitation of mercy.

While our Jeshurons that have "waxed fat and kicked," like silly asses, attribute this alarming crisis to the plans and operations of political ambition, or to the social institutions of any part of the country; it becomes us to look also at the moral attitude of *freemen.* In my poem, which I aimed as a vehicle to convey a moral hint, and never, at dressing up into the dulcet numbers of Collins, Byron or Prentice—I alluded to the responsibility to God of free men, because blessed above all other people in this line—and it is unnecessary for me to repeat this axiomatic truth. If Almighty God punished the most grinding despotisms of antiquity and of later times, the first examples conspicuously exhibited as to *cause* in the Bible, *then,* in the process of being written, and these castigations referred to for the instruction of all coming time; and these later, for example the fall of Poland, the French Revolution and the bloody career of Bonaparte, over the monarchs of Europe, steeping in an agonizing surfeit of battle, men that made so many occasions and so much glory of warfare, were unnoticed from on High, since the Oracles of Light and Life were finished,—how much more may not we, the Americans, expect that He will visit our iniquities with the same calamities! We need not be looking into the will, and ambition and corruption of those in political life for the reasons of our distressing circumstances. We must descend into private life, must survey the social aspect of the whole;—for certainly the politics of every nation rest upon the social and domestic basis,—and a people, corrupt in private life, and cherishing mistaken, or egregious sentiments, will have, or make statesmen and politicians corrupt in public. There is no confuting this maxim. It is imperishable fact, that a good people will make a good government, and have happy political relations, and *vice versa.*

The writer of the able letters of Junius, says, that, when a people be distressed and a state disordered, it is always due to the corruption of those in power. This is true, but that author looked only upon one branch of the morality. He would have been more comprehensive had he said that the corruption of those in government also results from the depravity of the people in private and social life. Especially does this hold true in regard to a Republic.—But Junius was writing concerning England, in the reign of George the Third, of a monarchy in which public concerns have not so much sympathy or do not take so much color from private virtues, or vices. Enough however, after so long a preface; and let me enumerate some of the crimes and vices of the American people, and no longer wonder at this attitude of disruption,—a recusing South, a coercing North—a dilapidated Government, and the bitter hostitily of two extreme parties in both sections.

What numbers of drunkards, and moderate drinkers, educating into inebriates, shingle over the land?

What numbers of harlots, that public opinion, private extenuation among our just men, and the connivance of the law, allow: to say nothing of kept mistresses, and adulterous wives?

What numbers of men married and single support and foster these females?

How many assassinations, burglaries, arsons, cheats, etc., deface in various parts, these devoted United States?

And the law, how is it enforced with adequate fidelity to protect the innocent from the depredations, injuries, insults and oppressions of those who disregard the legal sanctities of society, and the integrity of persons?

How innumerable the liars of the country, throughout, who account it a gain to deceive, and who regard falsehood harmless white lies: how many such exist among both sexes,—more especially how is woman's character for deceit *established?* How many persons to spite a foe, or to derive a benefit, will not take the holy name of God in vain by swearing perjury, on the Bible?

And, alas, how indifferent our judicature, our lawyers and judges, about *perjury,* to bring violators of oaths to justice; and how culpable legislators, who will not make statutes with adequate penalties to deter false swearing. (This single crime of itself is enough, like adultery, to destroy any nation). How many doctors we admit to practice medicine, who, for a bribe in a hated man's household, would kill, and escape justice? How many lawyers are admitted to the Bar who are totally unfit for caring for good morals and their security, or for the santity of the name of the Lord, which perjurists desecrate by touching the Holy Book with foul lips?

[Why not call on some able Phrenologist to scientifically examine the *crania* of all candidates for the medical and legal practice, and discard all obnoxious? What a reform!]

How doth one section abandon its silly thoughtless females to their own discretion, or to the persuasion of friends, or circumstances to wed the negro? How in another section are female slaves devoted to prostitution, occasional or continued?

How are Ham's race kept free in one department of the States and slaves in another, in contravention to the Divine will, as can be read in many passages of the Scriptures, ignoring colonization? How is animosity engendered and flaming because of these two erroneous dispositions of that Hametic race, which cannot bless white people in any region of the earth?

How many reckless men and overbearing women, selfish, of faint faith in God and his Christ, fond of novelty, the one, and of curiosity, the other; little regarding the welfare of communities, wish for disunion for the *fun* of the thing; or desire to get rid of this "cursed Republic;" of which they are tired,—and to have some gaudy, splendid Monarchy, with glittering *insignia,* and a long line of Nobility, bestarred and begemmed, to ride over the rabble the "Masses," who now "vote and confound things?" Are Americans thus chequered?

How possible is it that a people thus Godless, having so much of rights and privileges, be in a fair way to have God's special protection extended over them and their country!

We have need to pray to God to deliver us from ourselves. *We are our own great enemies.* We are committing political suicide. In our phrenzy we are inmolating all within reach! From our iniquities, *some* of which I enumerate above, we have risen into public depravity, and the manifestation is before the world. Fierce extremists think that to murder each other is doing Christ service! The meek, and wise and good Spirit of the Son of God dwells not, and the Holy Ghost, in dove like simplicity, in the hearts of a Great People, thus preponderating towards strife. If our political union be fairly and irretrievably destroyed, history has no record that our peaceable one, will endure. Sooner or later terrific convulsion will come, and thus the vengeance of God be satisfied on the participators and tolerationists, in the iniquities I have enumerated. There is no hope but in taking refuge in Jehovah *by National Virtue!* so true is it, what your humble servant said:

" Our Nation, sinning in all parts,
Have never warm'd as freemen's hearts
Responsible to God!"

J. J. Flournoy.

Athens, Georgia, May, 1861.

Patriotism.—In our navy yard at Charlestown are employed three mutes, and in our arsenal at Watertown three more. This we call *patriotism.*

Letter from the Rev. C. C. Hoffman.

Dear Children:—Some of you may remember that, about three years ago, I sent to the United States, by the Rev. Mr. Rambo, a little deaf and dumb boy by the name of *Wia.*

He was kindly received at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in New-York, but before Mr. Rambo returned to Africa, "Little Wia" had sickened and died of consumption. I think, too, I have written you how sorry his poor mother and father were when they learned that he was dead—hi, father looked very sad, but his mother wept; for though a heathen, she loved her child. Wia had a little brother two years younger than himself; his name is Wa, and of this little boy, Wa, Wia's brother I now write you. The first thing I have to tell you is, that he too is deaf and dumb. He is a good little boy, and a great favorite. Whether he went to the huts of the natives, or to the houses of the colonists, he was kindly treated. He was always ready to play with the little children. Often he would come to our mission house, when we would give him a little shirt and cloth, such as the native school boys wear; this would greatly please him, and he would stay with us a day or two, and then go away to town. When he came again after some days, or a week, his clothes would be so dirty, that we would have to give him a clean set. The little boy seemed very happy with us, and was such a good little fellow that, pitying his sad case, we asked his father to let us keep him. His father said "yes, we might keep him, *if we could.*" He meant, that Wa was such a gad-about that no one could keep him. However, we thought we would try and see what kindness and care would do. So we had some nice little shirts and clothes made for him, and white ones made for Sunday, bound with red; we gave him a place in the pantry to take his meals, and he had his own plate and fork; and he had a nice place to sleep at night, and a warm blanket to wrap himself in. Now, do you think he staid with us, or that he ran away? Why he *staid* with us, and he became fond of us, and we of him. Whenever he ate his meals in the pantry, before tasting anything, he would put down his head, and shut his eyes, and be still, *as if* he was saying grace. So, also, night and morning, he would always kneel on his knees and clasp his hands, and for a time remain in the attitude of prayer.

Sometimes he would go into the school room, and sitting beside the little girls, take a book, and *make believe* study his lessons. We all felt a deep interest and an increasing affection for the little boy, and as his father had consented to my keeping him, I baptized him with my own little girl on Whitsunday, the 12th of June last. I called his name "Harvey Peet," after the good gentleman in New York who had taken his brother into his institution.

When on account of my bad health, I was obliged to leave Africa, I determined, if I could get his father's consent, I would take little "*Harvey*" with me. So I saw his father, and told him what Christian people had done in England and America for the deaf and dumb; what good care they had, and how they were taught to write and to read. He looked very serious when I asked him to let little "Wa" go with me, and shook his head, and said, "I give you his brother, and now his brother is dead," I cannot let "Wa" go. But I told him little Wia might have died in Africa, and that I would try and take good care of little "Wa" that it was only his child's good I sought. "Well," he said, "I will think about it, and call again, and let you know." In a few days his father came and said I might have the boy, and do with him what I pleased; he would trust him in my hands. So I was very glad, and we began to get his clothes ready for the voyage. We had suits of red and yellow flannel made, for he was going from his warm climate to the cold of the north. Wa, when he saw all our preparations, knew we were going, and that *he* was going too, and he was very glad.

One day the English steamer came in, and I was walking with the captain, and little Wa was running before us; so I asked him if we went to England in his steamer what he would charge for the little boy's passage? "Oh!" he said, "he can go for nothing, or for a shilling a day." So we thanked the captain, and determined to take little Wa with us to England. The next month, when the steamer came back, we were all ready, and went off to her in a little boat. "Wa" was in fine spirits, but he soon felt the motion of the vessel, and lay down on the deck, sick. After a few days he was better, and became a great favorite with the passengers and the crew. He amused them all with his imitations; sometimes he would act as he saw the monkeys or the chimpanzi act; sometimes he would imitate the gentlemen in the way they walked, or do as the minister did when he preached; he would have a book in his hand and make gestures as if he was preaching; and sometimes he would dance as his country people danced. The officers, and sometimes the passengers, would let him sleep in their rooms, though he had a good place of his own to sleep in. When I came to pay his passage the captain told me I would have to pay $50, that he could not let him go for any less. Although I had to pay this, I was glad the little boy was with us.

When we arrived at Liverpool I took him to a store to get a cap and a pair of shoes. The children followed him, and gathered round the shop door, for it is very seldom they see a little black boy in England. "Wa" was as much amused at them as they were with him. He was delighted with the fine sights, such as he had never before seen.

I took care of him for three months in London; he always amused himself very nicely with the children in the nursery. Sometimes he would go with them to walk; all the little children would turn to look at him, saying, "Oh! a little black boy!" "See, a little black boy!" When I would say he was deaf and dumb, they would say, "Ah, poor boy, poor boy!" I took him to Regent's Park in the very cold weather, to see the people skate, and to slide. He had never seen ice before. He was much amused, and enjoyed the sliding. Thinking the climate would suit him better in England than in the United States, I endeavored to place him at a Deaf and Dumb Institution in that country. There is a large one in London, but it was crowded, and I could not get him there. Then I took him to Brighton, but there they were full also. I next applied to Bath, and there he was most kindly welcomed. The ladies who have charge of the institution were very glad to receive this little African child. It required $60 a year to have this little child at the institution, but his friends at Bath have promished $20 a year, and those at Brighton have raised about $350, enough for his expenses for a number of years to come, if his life should be spared.

So I took the little fellow to Bath. He knew I was going to leave him, but he behaved like a little man. He did not cry, but shook my hand and stood at the door till I was far away from him.

You see, dear children, how very good God has been to this little child. I hope his life will be spared, and perhaps by and by he will go back to his own country as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. Will you not ask God that so it may be? A deaf and dumb institution on the coast of Africa, the fruit of Christian Missions. Oh! how good this would be! I should tell you that this little boy is an orphan—that his mother, "Ti Bla," died a few months before he left Africa, and the first letter I received from Africa on arriving here, informed me of his father, "Ta Qwia's" death.—"*Carrier Dove,*" *Dec.* 1860.

From the Central Engine.

An Illustrated Sketch of Tom's Life.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

INTRODUCTION.

In this age of "few words," nothing is so tiresome as long stories, such as appear weekly in the columns of the "*Uncle Sam,*" and other mammoth newspapers. Many persons have not time to read stories of "formidable length," and the want of short ones is very sensibly felt. In order to partially remedy this deficiency in American literature, I propose writing as short a story of my most excellent friend Tom as possible.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

TOM was born at Susanville, Md., on the 22nd of February, 1820. He staid at home, playing with toys, until his fifth year, when his daddy thought proper to send him to school. And he was placed in a grammar school, where, if we may give credence to the testimony of his school chums, he was flogged times innumerable.

The House in which Tom was born.

CHAPTER II.

DISMISSED FROM SCHOOL AND BECOMING A FARMER.

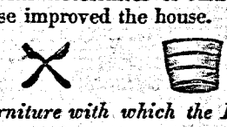
Tom was at length dismissed from the school as a case of idiocy, and returned to his sorrowing parents. He learned to work, and in a few years he became the best farmer in the country for miles around.—He bought a small brick house, which stood on a gentle eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. Here he lived with his aged parents for several years.

The House that Tom bought.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

The village church was the scene of the nuptials of Tom and Lizzie, the only daughter of Squire Jones. They were as happy as mortals can be. They furnished their house with necessaries of furniture, and otherwise improved the house.

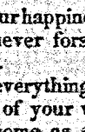


The furniture with which the House was furnished.

CHAPTER IV.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

It was autumn. Fruits were ripe. Tom, while engaged in gathering his apples for winter, climbed a lofty tree, and one of its branches breaking, he was precipitated to the ground, and life was extinct.



The tree which was the occasion, not the cause, of Tom's death.

From the Cambridge Democrat.

ALPHABETICAL ADVICE.

BY JOE, THE JERSEY MUTE.

A. Attend to the instinct of love.
B. Bathe before going to see your intended.
C. Comb your hair nicely.
D. Dress like an elegant gentleman.
E. Eat nothing that has an offensive smell, if you have a mind to kiss your dulcinea.
F. Fix in your memory a code of love-making politeness, without which you will lose the prize.
G. Go now, for it is getting dark.
H. Haste or you will be shut out.
I. Improve your time to the best of your ability.
J. *Jump at once into the subject* which has been at work in your mind.
K. Kiss your girl by all means, since she has been engaged to marry you.
L. Love her only.
M. Marry her and be happy.
N. Never quarrel with her, now that she is your lawful wife.
O. Obey her as you would have her obey you.
P. Put your happiness into her keeping, for she will never forsake you under all circumstances.
Q. Quit everything that crashes with the happiness of your wife.
R. Run home as soon as your day's labors are ended.
S. Spend your evenings in reading to your wife.
T. Try to render yourself worthy of her affection.
U. Use her kindly.
V. Venerate her in addition to loving her; for love without esteem is a transitory passion.
W. Watch over the health of your wife.

X. 'Xpect nothing short of perfect happiness when you are locked in the arms of your loving wife.

Y. Yield to her wishes, and she will love you the more.

Z. Zest her enjoyments like a good husband.

&. & please her in everything.

"What happy people we would all be if we a b c d e f g h i j k l m n o p q r s t u v w x y z-ed as above."

The Gallaudet Guide,

AND

DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

BOSTON, JULY, 1861.

THE month just closed has been an important time in our war, but the grandest of the deeds it has witnessed has caused the least excitement,—has, indeed, caused no excitement. The enemy made their last appearance at Harper's Ferry. The far-sighted plans of Gen. Scott have been executed by competent lieutenants, commanding our brave men, in columns strong enough to bear down all opposition, and the rebels had to "move on," as they blocked the way, or they would have been put out of it through the means of Northern powder and Northern steel. The American public has viewed this grand operation with singular coolness, and all but gone to sleep over it. Had ten thousand men fallen, and had blood enough been shed to float a ship, what a firing of (unshotted) cannon, and ringing of bells, and uplifting of throats, and working of telegraphs, and issuing of extras there would have been! But because a magnificent success has been achieved without loss, and with as little noise as is consistent with military movements on the large scale, men are as stupid over it as if they were listening to the drowsy hum of bees. The "big butcher's bill" is wanting to make them happy. That may come in time, and so they should cheer up. But it is not the less the fact that our old General has done a fine thing, by pushing the enemy out of a post from which it would have been no easy matter to drive them, had they chosen to make fight, which they durst not think of doing. We don't believe they are cowards, but they have a philosophic aversion to the process of being beaten, and so they went through that other process, namely, an evacuation, without so much as waiting for an "exhibition" of the Scott blue bill. It is said that they went away because the post was of no value to them. Nonsense! They went away for the reason that they could not stay at Harper's Ferry, which was in danger of becoming the Stygian Ferry to them and theirs. They would not have moved one foot had not Gen. Scott so pressingly entreated them to go, and then all their feet were at work in getting off their bodies, the poor devils! They might have made a pretty fight, and have cut down many of our men, had they seen fit to do so; but their eventual capture was certain, and their cause was in so bad a way that they cannot afford to run the risk of a lost battle. They did not fight and run away, but ran away without fighting, like sensible chaps. They had been out-generalled, and had the sagacity to see it, and consequently made themselves uncommonly scarce. By their retreat they virtually gave up all expectation of getting possession of Maryland. They had looked for a victory in Baltimore on election day, but the leaden arguments of "the little iron man" from Massachusetts *via* Illinois had convinced the rich roughs of that town that they had not a chance for success,—that they would not have any legs to stand upon if they should try over their old infernal game in the cause of lawlessness and disorder. Had there been a vigorous riot in Baltimore, the rebels would never have given way at Harper's Ferry; but as the Baltimore traitors could not, or would not, aid their brethren at Harper's Ferry, the latter concluded it was time for them to retire; and, with characteristic modesty, they made away with themselves; but not until they had done all the mischief they could do, and their ability in that line is tremendous. Virginia will have cause to lament their presence for twenty years to come. She was stupid beyond all parallel when she allowed them to make her territory the scene and seat of war, thus saving their own States for the present from the devastations of that destroying demon. Virginia never was celebrated for being a miracle of wisdom, but few of us ever supposed she was the land of the Flatheads, but now we know that that is the name to which her people are best entitled—those of Eastern Virginia, we mean, for in Western Virginia they are sharp enough to satisfy the most critical of men, and have never been led away by the secession delusion, which has proved the greatest practical lie of an age that is full of lies. What is now to be done, we shall, it is probable, not have to wait long to see. The men who left Harper's Ferry are reported to have taken up a strong position at Charlestown, the place where Captain Brown was hanged, and which commands important lines of communication. Something is expected to happen at or near Washington, and the old stories of an attack on the capital are revived. The pickets of both parties all but touch each other. If the rebels are as hard up as they are supposed to be, and yet have a large available force, they may take the initiative, and make a dash at Washington, on the ground that defeat could not make their condition worse, while victory would very much improve their prospects. General Scott, however, is master of his art, and no soldier of his ability is made to deliver battle at the mere demand of his enemy. By many, it is supposed that the rebels will fall back upon Richmond, concentrating all their best men at that place, and stake everything upon the issue of one pitched battle, which shall be a Cannæ, or field of blood. If we should triumph on such a field, the enemy's game would be about played out; if victory should be with the enemy, the whole South would join them, and the war would assume a somewhat different character from that which it has hitherto borne. The loss of a great battle would not be so serious a matter to us as it would be to the rebels, for we are in a better condition than they are to carry on a war, but we cannot believe that we should lose a battle, with Scott to command such and so many men as we now have in the field. There are indications of movements in Western Virginia that promise important results. The enemy boastfully say that in Generals July and August they have two powerful allies, they depending as much upon heat as the Russians did upon cold; but they forget to mention that they have two enemies to contend with who will be our allies, namely, General Want-of-Money and General Want-of-Food. The crisis is approching, and any hour may see events happen that shall give a decisive character to the conte[st].

Suffolk Registry of Deeds.

In March, 1860, a special election was had for the choice of a Register of Deeds for Suffolk County, the office having become vacant by the resignation of Henry Alline, Esq., who had held the post during a period of thirty-nine years. James Rice, Esq., chief clerk under Mr. Alline, was very properly put forward by the citizens of the county as the most suitable person, in their judgment to succeed the retiring incumbent. Against Mr. Rice, however, were arrayed two party and one Independent Citizens nominations. Our readers will remember how, in order to defeat Mr. Rice, all sorts of rumors were circulated, calculated to prejudice him before the public. So bitter and personal was the contest waged against him that the Independent Citizens' candidate promptly withdrew from the field, in his favor.

Unfortunately, it so happened that during the last days of Mr. Alline's administration certain deeds in an unrecorded state were missing from the Registry — a thing, be it said, to the credit of old Suffolk, that had never before been known in her whole history, and the blame thereof as well as for everything else that happened to go wrong was freely laid at Mr. Rice's door.

But Mr. Rice came out of the election triumphant, and laid his slanderers low in the dust.

It is a cause for congratulation that all the missing deeds have within a few days past been found and placed upon record.* But circumstances lead to the strong conviction that they were abstracted from the files on purpose to prejudice the public against the entire management of the office, from head down to devil. The parties engaged in this nefarious transaction deserve a life-long sentence to the State Prison. It is to be hoped that they may yet be discovered and brought to account.

The deeds in question were some of them found in an old hat on one of the closet shelves and the rest under a painted carpet on the seat of one of the w[indows] in the office.

It is unnecessary to add that Mr. [Rice] has, since his election, brought im[provement] and reform into the office to s[uch an] extent as to elicit the warmest com[mendation] tion from all having occasion to v[isit it] and to give the most perfect satisfac[tion to] the public generally, and those mo[st vio]lently opposed to him a year ago, n[ow] a man, swear by all the gods that [James] Rice was their first choice.

* They are recorded with the following heading to each: "The following deed was abstracted from the files of this office on or about November 21, 1859, and found on the 22d June, 1861, under the painted carpet on the marble slab of the most westerly window of the Record Hall. After the loss was discovered, a duplicate was obtained and recorded Lib. — fol —.

For the G[uide].

"J. J. F." gives his "Deaf-Mute [Pha]ony," thus far existing only on pape[r], [and] other airing in the June number [of the] Guide. Like Banquo's ghost, "G[ood]detia" and its champion will never "di[e]" but unlike it, fortunately, by refusin[g to go] "down," it never troubles any one. I do not propose to enter into discussion with Mr. F. I have no doubt but [that] I should be routed, horse, foot, and [dra]goons, not, I would distinctly state, by [the] cogency of his arguments or the [ability] with which he supports them, for, of [the] former there is none, and although I [know] he has an uncommonly large amou[nt of] the latter, not even he could convin[ce me] or anybody else claiming to be end[owed] with common sense, that the moon is [made] of green cheese, much less that the [success] of his ridiculous schemes is [even] probable or possible. But it is the [tenac]city with which he hangs on to his [ideas] that discourages me, and in consider[ation] of this, I decline to undertake the t[ask of] attempting to unhorse him. The f[act] the animal, astraddle which our Am[adis] Don Quixotte has seen fit to place hi[mself] is made of wood, obstinate, incorr[igible] wood, and astride him sits the redou[bted] Flournoy proclaiming in tones that [make] me fearful for the safety of his vo[cal] gans, that he is riding at a marvel[ous] rapid rate of speed, though, to my c[ertain] knowledge, he has not been able, in [spite] of frequent and vigorous applicati[on of] both whip and spur, to make the [beast] budge an inch at any time during the [past] half a dozen years. Descending [from] this rambling, metaphorical style, I [would] respectfully ask, in good plain Engl[ish]— If Mr. Flourney is so positive [of the] practicability of his project, why don't he carry it into effect? Why does he stand still and do nothing but talk? He is not such a simpleton as to imagine that Congress would cede a portion of the national territory to one solitary individual [and] two or three thousand others to back him. Why, then, don't he get up a petition and present it to Congress next Decem[ber]? I, for one, will sign it without hes[itation] or delay, for I have not the least objection to receiving a donation of a hu[ndred] and sixty acre farm, and, although I don't believe I will ever own a foot of Uncle Sam's land until I pay for it, I am [per]fectly willing, nevertheless, that Mr. [Flourney] should have the benefit of the l[and] which he will learn from the result of his chimerical undertaking.

I have not yet seen it stated by Mr. F., by what manner of means "Gallaudetia" is to preserve its character of a Deaf-mute community for any length of time. I mistake him if he entertains the barbarous idea of purposely making the hearing children of mute parents, deaf by artificial means—robbing them of the God-given blessing of hearing and speech for no other reason than that their parents happen to be deaf. If he advocates the deportation of all the hearing children, their places being filled by the mute children of strangers, I should henceforth consider him a fit candidate for a lunatic asylum; for it is a well attested fact that parents [part] generally more unwillingly to part [with] their deaf-mute than their hearing children, and, although I am just rel[eased] from the apron-strings of our "[alma] mater," and cannot count among my [con]fidential friends, any mute who is so fo[rtu]nate as to own the name of "papa," it w[ould] be hard—very hard indeed—to con[vince] me that one deaf-mute father or moth[er in] a hundred would consent to the exch[ange]. Take our editor, Mr. Smith, as an [in]stance. Would he consent, think you, to exchange that sweet little girl of hi[s for] some stupid, red-haired, snub-nosed, freckled "Bridget," from the peat bogs of the "Authld Counthry"? Would he be willing to have his own daughter brought up in the filthy hovel of a, it may be, d[runk]en Irishman, the father of the Bridget above mentioned and at last become the mistress of a similar hovel and the slave of some miserable sot? I do not "[wait] for a reply," but one can be given.

July, 1861. PENOBSCOT.

The government at Washington has seen fit to cut off the mails to and from the seceded States, but, I presume, since the so-called "Southern Confederacy" has a postal system in operation, means will be found to get letters and papers over the line. We shall not, therefore, as some feared, lose the pleasure of Mr. Flournoy's company at our firesides, which we have been, till now, enjoying from month to month. P.

For the Guide.

A Visit to an Institution.

AMOS SMITH, JR. ESQ.

Dear Sir:—If agreeable to you, I shall write you a few letters about my travels & adventures.

Several months ago, as I happened to be in Salt Lake City, selling mute alphabet prints, I decided to visit the Utah Institution for the Deaf & Dumb. With this purpose I made a nice toilet, & put on my gold watchchain & breastpin which I won at a raffle. I walked to the Institution, flourishing my big cane with a bull-dog's golden head, & knocked at the door with the dog's nose. It was opened by a person who announced himself as the Principal, after whom I inquired. I bowed to him.

I shall tell you exactly what we conversed in the beautiful, very beautiful language of signs, which I tell *Reynard*, at the point of my mid-knunckle, improves the pupils faster than spelling words on the fingers.

THE PRINCIPAL.—Name your what?

NEB. L. — (Spelling) Neb. Lobsterclaws.

THE P.—(Looking at my chain & then at my face) spelt my surname—Lobsterclaws.

NEB. L.—Yes Sir.

THE P.—Christian name what?

NEB. L.—(Spelling) Nebauchadnezzar.

THE P.—(Spelling) Nebauchadnezzar Lobsterclaws.

NEB. L.—Yes Sir.

THE P.—School learn you where?

NEB. L.—School Dublin.

THE P.—Ireland in?

NEB. L.—Yes Sir.

THE P.—Trade your what?

NEB. L.—Male shirt ruffle.

The Principal was silent for a minute; & I then said,—"School your here beautiful very." He smiled & looked attentively at my bull-dog's head peering from under my arm. At this time another gentleman came in the hall where we were standing, & was introduced to me as Mr. Sleek, an assistant teacher, who was not a mute for I noticed the Principal speaking to him. Mr. Sleek was fair complexioned & sweet of aspect; his hair shone with pomatum, & his hands were white & soft.

MR. SLEEK.—Stay long you city this?

NEB. L.—No Sir. Came I here morning yesterday.

MR. SLEEK.—Like you city this?

NEB. L.—Yes, much. Female Shirt-ruffles many city this I see.

Here Mr. Sleek looked at the Principal; the P. at him, & they both snickered. The P. left us; soon after, Mr. Sleek wheeled as if on a pivot & made a bee-line to the girls' sitting room.

You know that the teachers are good & virtuous, or else they would not be employed to teach the Deaf & Dumb. They love the society of girls who are generally called angels. Since the girls are angels in a sitting room that smells like roses, the boys are, as they must of course be, devils, occupying a sitting room that smells like burnt gunpowder. For this reason the teachers do not always like to be in the midst of the devils & inhale the sulphuric air.

After walking about & conversing with some boys, I dived headlong into the angels' paradise & also into a group of beautiful angels. I perceived Mr. Sleek in another group, relating some story about poor pagans in Africa. At length the angels, one after another, dropped from my group & joined Mr. Sleek's, till I found myself alone with a very homely girl with a defective eye, whom I did not at all fancy, as I was looking for a wife. Disgusted with the hideous smiles of this girl who appeared to be in love with me, I left her abruptly, & also the sitting room. Before going out, I saw Mr. Sleek sitting, with his head reclining on an angel's shoulder, while, behind him, another angel in figured calico, combed his hair. His eyes were closed, his mouth half opened & face beaming with virtue.

Soon after, I left the Utah Institution.

NEB. LOBSTERCLAWS.

Wiggleton, June, 1861.

For the Guide.

The Tattler.

LETTER XVI.

MR. EDITOR.—Presuming that your admirable account of the war will be continued in the next number, I shall here discharge some random thoughts on the past and future results of this sad conflict.

Of the past results, as I have in my last letter said, that the Slavery question was imposed upon credulous Southrons, by their leaders, as being the cause of the secession of their States from the Union. The misrepresentations of the secession politicians and journalists led their too impulsive dupes to believe that the North sought to free all their slaves, and also, to subjugate the South; the slaves, having often heard their owners state the object of the Federal administration in pursuing this war, have sought, and are still seeking to flee to the nearest Federal camps. Such is the result of Southern perversions of truth, and the consequences are, of course, sad to contemplate. At this moment fugitives without number are crowding upon Gen. Butler, at Fort Monroe, much to his embarrassment. Let it be remembered that they all run away from their owners who are rebels, and are therefore detained as contrabands of war; but such fugitives, as belong to Union men, are promptly returned to them.

Notwithstanding this turn of affairs, all able-bodied negroes are very useful to our men in throwing up new batteries, under the fiery solar rays which they alone can bear with impunity; and in so doing, they are very cheerful and even happy in the idea that they are free for ever. A delusion, I fear.

The leading Virginians express their conviction that slavery has received a mortal stab, and Virginia, as well as Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri will, in due time, be free States. According to the circumstances now existing, one may safely vouch the correctness of their prediction; but the mist of futurity is so dense that we cannot see any thing quite distinctly through it. True, we may be able to make deductions from the circumstances following the current events, and, setting forth sage conjectures, as to the future, approximate our conclusions to truth.

As to the fate of Virginia, it is fortunate—thank God—that Western Virginia has come so opportunately in genuine loyalty to the Union, and is laboring to disenthral the whole State of the rule of Letcher, Mason, and Co. The Western Virginians under the command of Col. Kelly, have most effectually destroyed the popular belief among Southerners, that the Northerners—"the hirelings of Abolition hate," as the Charleston *Mercury* calls them—are waging war against the South. This fact encourages us to hope that all the Union Southerners will soon follow their example, and by a powerful reaction overthrow Jeff. Davis, and his colleagues. Besides the fact alluded to, this hope is strengthened by the statements which intelligent travellers have given to the effect that provisions, money, and ammunitions—I mean gunpowder—are failing in the South, and the outrages perpetrated on Union loving persons, to say nothing of the prostration of business among men of both parties, are creating a reactionary current now invisible to the secession fanatics. And this current will burst up and inundate the Southern land at the moment the Southerners—even the Union-men's—eyes are opened to the fact that the North is not warring against their institutions.

The falsehoods of secession orators and journalists have presented to our eyes results altogether sad and ridiculous. In order to increase the rebel army, they have taught their ignorant men to consider one Southern is a match for five Northerners in courage, and believe that they would be in clover at Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, in other words, they would surely pocket as many eagles, dollars, and dimes as their pockets could carry.

Laboring under this delusion, they go to the Seat of War, swaggering all the way and drinking bad whiskey. I candidly admit that they are brave, and good fighters; but in discipline, so essential to the success of a battle, they are far inferior to the Northern men. Their inferiority in discipline, however, is obliterated in some measure by their superiority in officers. Our inferiority in officers has been confirmed, to our sorrow, by the ignorance and want of tact of Gen. Pierce, at the recent battle of Great Bethel. None but regular army officers should command our men. Had Duryea's "Red Devils," Bendik and Townsend's men—all soldiers of the first water—been under the command of some regular officer of any title, who has been in Mexican wars, they would have secured the victory, which was indeed within their grasp. I do not mean to underrate Generals Butler and Banks' fitness for the duties to which they are accredited, but I would prefer to see our men fighting under officers of military skill and experience in war.

By the way, it is a great consolation that we have one Winfield Scott equal to one hundred Beauregards; and it is our firm belief that he will ultimately conquer the rebels—I do not say the South.

Of the future results, it is no easy task to predict any results, for they may never come to hand; but as to the durance of this civil war, those who are students of human nature, can perhaps venture to say that it will not be as great as is thought by some. Why? Because this war is between brothers. When two brothers are angry at each other, their anger is more fierce than that between two strangers; and while they are angry and silent for a mortal day, their hearts feel heavy, their minds sorely troubled, and eyes ready to shed tears of fraternal affection. Thus, their animosity soon becomes insupportable, and, their pride being conquered somehow or other, they fly to each other's bosom.

Although the conflict now engaged between the Unionists and Disunionists is fierce and pregnant with dire results, their deeply-rooted fraternity is not wholly extinguished, nor can it ever be so; and when peace is re-established between them, their mutual affection will be tenfold, and I am sure they will regret the separation of the South from the North if ever perpetuated.

This war must, however, continue as long as Jeff. Davis and his fellow-mischief makers are in power. When will their power be broken? Nobody can answer this question.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

June 14, 1861.

For the Guide.

Review of the Weather.

NUMBER TWO.

The following is an account of the weather for 1852:

Clear days	104
Cloudy days	90
Rainy days	128
Snowy days	37
Days of rain and snow	7
	366

The following is an account of the temperature for 1852:

Cold days	68
Cool days	126
Pleasant days	69
Warm days	97
Hot days	6
	366

On the 6th of January, there was a heavy snow storm at Pittsburgh. The snow was several inches deep, and afforded first-rate sleighing. More snow fell on the 9th and 10th. There were several heavy snow-storms on the 16th. Another heavy snow-storm on the 17th and 18th. On the 19th, the snow on the ground was about 20 inches deep on a level, and some of the snow-banks were three or four feet deep.

The 20th was the coldest day of the season. The mercury stood at 20 degrees below zero in the morning, in more exposed locations! The water pipes were frozen, and the gas-pipes were rendered useless by the excessive cold; we had to use candles. The rivers were frozen over.

Sleighing was in fine order from the 6th to the 30th of January, when a general thaw put a stop to it.

On the 1st of February, the ice in the rivers broke up, and on the 3rd, navigation was resumed.

On the 16th, there was a heavy snow-storm, which afforded excellent sleighing for a few days.

On the evening of the 19th, there was a splendid display of Aurora Borealis. The lights stretched themselves in the most beautiful manner—of various colors. They were moving about on several occasions, as if they were dancing!

The winter of 1851-52 was an unusually severe one. There was an unusually large quantity of snow falling during the winter. A good many persons were frozen to death in various parts of the country.

The cold weather extended southward to the Gulf of Mexico, doing much damage to the orange and other trees and plants. At New Orleans, six inches of snow fell one night in January, which was a very rare occurrence in that region of country. A good many persons were frightened almost to death at that unusual phenomenon. A good story is related of

this snow-storm in New Orleans. On the morning after the storm, a negro boy awakened his master and informed him that the ground was covered with *white sugar*. The master got up, dressed himself, went out, and was *surprised* to find that the ground was covered with six inches of snow. He then told his young slave that it was *snow* and not *white sugar*.

On the 15th of March, there was a severe gale, which did considerable damage to property.

The 20th, was a very cold day. The canal, which had been opened for navigation four days previous, was frozen over. There was much floating ice in the Allegheny river.

On the 29th, the first thunder-shower of the season took place; it was a tremendous one.

On the 2d of April, there was a heavy snow-storm.

On the 6th, there was a big freshet in the rivers, caused by the heavy rains and the melting of the snow. It was the biggest flood since 1832. There were 27 feet water in the Monongahela river. A great deal of damage was done to property. The lower part of Allegheny City was under water, and skiffs were employed to convey persons from house to house.

A severe and protracted rainstorm commenced on the morning of the 17th of April, and continued for three days. It occasioned another tremendous freshet in the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, which was about ten feet higher than the freshest of the 6th, and lacked but three feet of the great flood of 1832. Allegheny City, Birmingham, Manchester, and a considerable part of Pittsburgh were inundated, even up to the second story of some of the houses; there was much distress and suffering among the people whose houses were submerged. Herr's Island and Wainright's Island were entirely under water.

The Pittsburgh Water Works suspended operations on the 19th, owing to the flood which submerged them; and were not able to resume operations for five days. The Superintendent was compelled to give the citizens a short allowance of water twice a day—from five to eight o'clock in the mornings, and from five to six o'clock in the evenings — till the Water Works resumed operations on the 24th.

The Pittsburgh Gas Works were also submerged by the flood on the 19th, and were not able to resume operations till the 22d. There was gas enough in the holders to last only two days, but on the third evening (the 21st) the gas went out at about nine o'clock, and the whole city was left in total darkness. Candles and lanterns were in demand that night.

Many of the foundries, rolling-mills, glass-works and other manufacturing establishments were compelled to stop on account of the freshet.

On the 21st, the flood commenced receding fast, and evacuating many of those houses into which it had invaded. The freshet did an immense amount of damage to property. About fifty rafts were broken loose and carried away at the commencement of the freshet. The track of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Railroad (now the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad) was covered with water to the depth of three or four feet, which prevented the passage of trains for two days.

The spring of 1852 was very backward, and the fruit-trees did not put forth their blossoms till early in May.

On the 14th of May, there was a severe thunder-shower, which occasioned considerable damage.

On the morning of the 21st, there was a frost, but it did no material damage to vegetation.

June was a very wet month; and unusually large quantities of rain fell during the month, which caused several freshets in the rivers.

On the 10th of June, the weather was so cold and raw, that fires and overcoats were necessary. On the 19th, Pittsburgh was visited by the most tremendous thunder-shower that was witnessed in that section of the country for a long time. It lasted about an hour, and did much damage to property.

On the 21st, there was a severe hail storm, which lasted but a few minutes. The hail-stones were of the size of from a pea to a hickory nut. The hail fell fast and thick, accompanied by rain in torrents.

The 9th of July was the warmest day of the season. The thermometer stood at 100 deg. in the shade.

On the 13th, there was a tremendous and copious thunder-shower.

On the 29th, there was a severe storm of rain and wind, which was very destructive to property. There was an unusually large amount of thunder and lightning during the storm.

On the 26th of August, there was a terrific and destructive thunder-shower, accompanied by a heavy hail-storm.

On the 19th of September, there was a great inundation along the Rhine and Rhone rivers.

On the 3rd of October, there was a severe gale over a great extent of the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel, which caused a great destruction of life and many shipwrecks.

On the 8th, a hurricane swept over the Southern coast of the United States. Half a million of dollars worth of property was destroyed in Florida.

On the 11th of November, there was a slight fall of snow, being the first of the season.

On the 20th, great floods prevailed in the midland counties of England, causing extensive destruction of property, particularly of sheep and cattle.

On the evening of Dec. 7th, there was some lightning playing, which was an uncommon occurrence for December. It was followed by very cold weather.

On the 19th, the city of Sacramento, in California, was inundated, in consequence of heavy rains. The city was submerged by the breaking through of the levee.

On the 20th, there were great floods in England, Scotland and Ireland, which did much damage.

On the 25th, there was a big flood in the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, caused by heavy rains.

A Mute Typo.

For the Guide.

In or Out.

Mr. Flournoy, in his grand scheme for a Deaf-Mute Commonwealth seems to have entirely ignored the existence of the better half of creation. It cannot be supposed he means thus silently to exclude us from this new-found Paradise; for what is man without woman but a

"Slipperless, stockingless, buttonless elf,
A creature of whims, and passions and pelf,
And fitted for nought but to lay on the shelf."

As the poet truthfully observes, yet Mr. Flournoy *has not had the gallantry to ask our consent to his plan*. Does he not know that from time *immemorial* no grand undertaking was ever set successfully on foot without the consent, and active co-operation of woman, and what is more does he not know that from the North to the South Pole, petticoats hold supreme sway, and knowing all this I need not remind him, that should we take it into our feminine heads to put our veto to his plan, it never would succeed otherwise than as a "Confirmed Old Bachelor Colony." Besides I would inform Mr. Flournoy that most of our *smartest* men up here, at the North, rejoice in the possession of genuine Yankee wives, who know how to play the Napoleon in petticoats in such a fascinating way that their liege-lords somehow cannot very well help doing pretty much as they want them to, without feeling themselves heartless monsters, or totally depraved beings. I am thinking it would require a mighty cunning man to pull the wool over our eyes so far as to induce us to emigrate to the wilderness of Gallaudetia, for a woman need not have the intellect of a De Stael to know the difference between *housekeeping* in a comfortable abode in the land of civilization and *living* in one of those log cabins, with one or two rooms to accommodate a family which may or may not be as numerous as that of the woman who lived in a shoe.

We are not romantic enough to desire the laurels of a heroine of the wilderness, earned in a hand-to-hand encounter with half a dozen copper-colored savages who had taken advantage of our old man's absence to come and play the agreeable to us by way of taking off our scalps. On the whole, we think Flournoy & Co. will have to dispense with the fair sex altogether when they emigrate to Gallaudetia—Quantum Suff. Lizzie.

For the Guide.

Noah's Ark.

Lucian, a native of Samosata, a town situated on the Euphrates, a spot where memorials of the deluge were carefully preserved, gives the following account of the antediluvians: "The present race of mankind," says he, "are different from those who first existed; for those of the Antedeluvian world were all destroyed. The present world is peopled from the sons of Deucalion (or Noah); having increased to so great a number from one person. In respect of the former brood, they were men of violence, and lawless in their dealings. They were contentious, and did many unrighteous things; they regarded not oaths nor observed the rights of hospitality, nor showed mercy to those who sued for it. On this account they were doomed to destruction; and for this purpose there was a mighty eruption of waters from the earth, attended with heavy showers from above; so that the rivers swelled and the sea overflowed, until the whole earth was covered with a flood, and all flesh drowned. Deucalion alone was preserved to repeople the world. This mercy was shown to him on account of his piety and justice. His preservation was effected in this manner: He put all his family, both their sons and their wives into a vast ark which he had provided, and he went into it himself. At the same time animals of every species, —boars, horses, lions, serpents, whatever kind lived upon the face of the earth followed him by pairs; all which he received into the ark and experienced no evil from them; for there prevailed a wonderfull harmony throughout, by the immediate influence of the Deity. Thus were they wafted with him as long as the flood endured."

Such is the account which Lucian gives of the antedeluvian world and of the preservation of the human race, as he received from the traditions of the inhabitants of Hierapolis in Syria, where the natives pretended to have very particular memorials of the deluge. It corroborates the facts stated in the sacred history, and bears a very near resemblance to the authentic account which has been transmitted to us by Moses. J. C.

Tangipahoa, La. May, 1861.

For the Guide.

Mr. Editor.—The Postmaster General of the United States being about to shut down the gate on mail carrying between the loyal and seceded States, our able and redoubtable friend J. J. Flournoy takes time by the forelock, and, in one of three communications in the last number of the *Guide* he discharges his heavily loaded blunderbus in most randomish fashion at "such shallow things as Mr. Booth, R. P. and others," and betakes himself to the South-West till mail communications are re-established; his "South-West," I presume, going no further than the South-west corner of his plantation.

I have no wish whatever to disturb him in the enjoyment of his South-Western beatitudes, and it is scarcely fair to assail him, cut off as he is from reply for, perhaps, many months; but he hurls among us his chain-shot, cannon balls and bomb-shells with a magniloquent grandeur and show of courage, that, while it is amusing, is also provocative of thought.

Let us examine and dissect a few of his positions. His proposition for a colony of mutes has as many lives as a cat, and so tenacious are they of existence, that not one of them will stay killed. Mr. F. adheres with most dogged obstinacy to his theory, and no amount of words will batter the plainest fact into his brain or the wildest dream out of it. We must, perforce, leave him to amuse himself with his vageries on this question, and apply to him the well-known lines of Hudibras:—

"A man, convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

I will remark however, in passing, that the Southern States being still in the barbarian period of their progress, as witness their slavery and their absurd rebellion, the thinking minds of that region are in a condition similar to those of the old philosophers and theologians of Europe, and the Northern States, a few centuries back. They reason not from facts, but from speculative theories, and then call on or torture facts into suitable—and often distorted—shape to support them. Flournoy, in common with the politicians and clergy of the South, is an example of this discarded theological and philosophical class, though it must be admitted that these latter remarks will not apply so universally to the theologians of our day; their love of subtle definitions and metaphysical hair-splitting being still sufficiently common and will so continue until the people are more generally educated in natural science.

I pass to another of Mr. Flournoy's communications. He has much to say about Ham, and lays all the evils of the present time on the shoulders of that much-abused individual. He tells us that the first Napoleon was a quadroon, that "Egypt was a negro kingdom" and that "the statue of Memnon had the woolly hair, flat nose, and thick lips of the negro form." Now, if Napoleon the First was a quadroon, it does not speak well for the so much talked of inferiority of the blacks, or for the permanence of slavery. Let the South look to it, for within her bosom she holds some hundreds of thousands of quadroons as slaves, and we know that the freedom of St. Domingo was engineered through chiefly by the mulattoes. Mr. Flournoy is too sweeping in his assertions. The mummies found in the catacombs of Egypt and their hieroglyphical drawings show features more like the European than like the African. But I question whether Ham was black at all. The Canaanites and Phœnicans were his descendants. They were not black, and, with individual exceptions in the old turbulent and barbarous times, were never slaves.

A curious question comes up here: If Noah and his wife were white, with European or Caucassian features, how happen it that Japheth had the Caucassian face, beard, hair, etc.; Shem the high cheek bones, oblique eyes and yellow skin of the Asiatic, and Ham the inky blackness, flat nose, thick lips and woolly hair of the negro? and who is to father the Red Skins of America? It will be said that the dissimilarities were produced by miracle; but miracles are suspensions of Nature's laws, and all religions are filled with reputed miracles, nearly all dating back into the dim and misty past and having no other authority for credence than real or so-called sacred books. If Noah was the father of races of such widely different type, it must have been by miracle—suspension of Nature's laws—or he must have had three or more wives, for like produces like, and one of his wives must have been twice the blackness of the negro of our day, and Ham, in spite of his pitchy darkness, must have been a mulatto as black as what at the present time is considered a full-blooded negro. And then, if this last supposition is true, must we not believe that negroes, blacker than any within our power of mental conception, lived anterior to Noah? We can solve these questions most easily by analogy and suppose that different races of men came into being at different periods as did different races of birds, beasts and fishes. Earth and all living things thereon are progressive, ever becoming better, nobler and more perfect, and the Gorillas may, a hundred thousand or a million years hence, be a nobler people than are ourselves in this our own day.

Mr. Flournoy touches on another question, that of expelling the negro race from the South and from all contact with the Anglo Saxon. The idea has likewise engaged the attention of northern members of Congress and it has been proposed in that body to send them to South America. I believe the whole subject will settle itself and on economical grounds. Statesmen are not always clear-sighted, nor often as profound as they and the admiring public imagine, and it would be easy to fill chapters with their bungling and blunders in our own country alone in the last dozen years; but there is no occasion for discussing politicians and so-called statesmen who have strutted their brief hour and departed from the stage without even the benefit of alms from the Dramatic Fund Association.

To return: The negro is needed where he is. The natural facility with which he freely perspires under a burning sun, and perhaps other causes, have fitted him peculiarly for the laborious employments of the South. The black man alone can cultivate the rice swamps and endure musquitoes with the most perfect nonchalence. He defies fevers with equal indifference, and one negro in such a position is of more value than are several whites. In stature, breadth of chest and muscular power, he is far superior—I speak from personal observation—to Mexicans and Chinese, and in certain mental qualities he likewise greatly excels them. And a most important point to be considered in connection with this question is this: That a people which mingles with its own most freely the blood of another and a higher order of people, advances most rapidly in the scale of civilization. Missionary societies have expended money and lives in large abundance in endeavoring to christianize and civilize the heathen, and while they have succeeded with individuals they have failed with nations. Men have studied closely and carefully the natural laws as applied to horses, dogs, cows and plants and have made the most of the knowledge so acquired; but as regards man they have only considered how many dollars and cents they could wring out of his muscles or brain in the course of a lifetime. That the American or Yankee race is superior to the English in mechanical and other points, is an admitted fact; and one reason is in our commingling of nations. England herself is in advance of all Europe and she is made up, through many generations, of ancient Britons, Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, to say nothing of the early Picts, Irish and Welsh. The negro race in America has been undergoing a similar mixture of blood during two hundred and forty years, and, however repugnant the contemplation, it is simply a fact which has to be taken itto account in considering his future destiny. For centuries to come the Southern States will be the home of a mixed race of freemen. The best qualities of the whites and blacks will be assimilated and perfected; and, instead of a brutish, vulgar, swaggering chivalry, we shall have a highly artistic, music-loving and affectionate people south of the Potomac. None of us now living will see this state of things in that section of the Union, but Nature goes on her way, evolving natural and inevitable results whether man is wise or a fool. Senex.

Shocking Railroad Accident—Two Men Killed.—Early yesterday morning, as the down train on the West Chester Railroad was approaching Lensi station, from Glen Mills, two men were seen walking on the track, about a hundred feet off. As they were going towards the train, it was supposed they would step off the track; but not doing so, an effort was made to stop the train. The brakes were put down and the engine reversed, but not in time. The men were struck by the cow catcher and thrown from the track, and both killed. It was afterwards ascertained that the men were deaf and dumb, and that they had been in Media the day previous soliciting work at their trade, that of shoemaking. Both of the unfortunate men belonged to this city. One of them, Jos. Shipps, aged forty five years, was a graduate of the Pennsylvannia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. He was not married. The other, said to be named Hanna, was probably a graduate of the same institution. Last evening the bodies were brought to this city for interment. It is supposed that the approach of the train, which came around a short curve just before it got in sight, so unnerved the men that they had not presence of mind to step from the track. Both were seen to raise their hands as the train came near them.—*Philadelphia Ledger, June* 21.

The humors of New England do not often find their way into print; but this story of rough practical fun will amuse the reader. It comes from a correspondent in Massachusetts:

"The Connecticut River boatmen of years long since gone used to be 'some' on a *time*. One Independence Day, about the year 1834, a party of them started for Hartford, bound on a cruise down the river for a day's sport, and more particularly an Independence celebration in the 'good old-fashioned *style*,' as Captain Henry S——, of Northampton, observed previous to starting from H——, in the old-fashioned stern-wheel steamer *John Cooley*, taken from her regular business of towing freight-boats over the Falls at Enfield, and fitted this day with every convenience for going it *strongly*, for *once* at least.

When off Saybrook, about the middle of the day, it was proposed to fire the noon salute, in honor of the day, from a small field-piece borrowed for the occasion. Several of the boat-hands were detailed, under Captain Broughton A——, to handle the piece. After ramming home the charge, it was found impossible to withdraw the rammer—whether from the wood's swelling, the cannon's shrinking, or the gunner's incapacity to haul straight, deponent saith not, at any rate, the rammer could not be got out. One end protruded from the mouth of the piece some three feet; and Captain A——, like a true river seaman as he was, took the end of a tow-line, made a clove hitch around the ramrod, sung out for volunteers to 'hang on' to it; which was quickly responded to by two or three of the crew, ready to obey *any* order that came from him, especially on *that* day.

"'Now, boys, when I touch her off, you hang on to that rope like death to a dead boatman,' said Captain A——.

"'Ay, ay, Sir!' responded the crew.

"'One, two, three, and away she goes. Hang on to the line for your lives, boys!' shouted Captain A——. And they did 'hang on.' Old Grandpa H—— was carried over the bow of the boat head over heels, followed so closely by Eb. M—— and Captain Henry S——, that the noise of the gun had hardly ceased when there was an outcry from the water of 'Help! help!' that set them all to thinking and acting too. The boat's headway was stopped, and the three gunners rescued from the water in a half-drowned condition. When they had fairly come to themselves, it can be easily imagined how they walked into Captain Brought, as he was called; blessings, or something worse, were showered on his head with all the river pathos imaginable; but as no serious result arose worse than words, Captain A—— solaced them with the remark: 'Why didn't you hang on to the line, you fools? and then you wouldn't have got wet!' Whether this consoled them or not, I do not believe they have ever practiced gunnery since under Captain A——."

The diffident correspondent in Indiana who sends the next sketch is always welcome:

When very young I lived in the city of L——, and we had a few local notabilities that I have never in after years been able to forget. Among them was generous, kind-hearted, queer-looking Charley W——. He was the picture of a good-sized beer-keg perambulating on a good-sized pair of nine-pins. His immense shirt-ruffles of immaculate whiteness, and his coat of the brightest blue, adorned with a number of the largest brass buttons, I can never forget. His face was as red as good eating and *drinking* could make it; and there was always a gracious smile upon it for all he met. Our good citizens took it into their heads to elect him Mayor; his manners were perfeetly magnificent in his condescension to his constituents, and a stranger could not visit the city without becoming the recipient of the Mayor's favors. A short time after he was elected, Lord Morpeth was obliged to stop in the place all day, to wait for the evening boat for Pittsburgh. Of course this was a grand occasion for our newly-elected dignitary, and he received the English nobleman with the greatest *empressement*, and displayed to him the beauties of the town and surrounding scenery, and also those of the various combinations of liquor that are popular with Kentuckians during the hot months. Juleps, slings, cobblers, cherry-bounce, and many others too numerous to mention, had all to be partaken of by the party. His noble guest seemed particularly careful to partake with great moderation; but Charley considered it due to his guest that he should drain every glass. By the time the boat arrived he was in a glorious state, loved the whole world, and was anxious to show it. He made a long farewell speech to Lord Morpeth; and just as that gentleman was going away and to step on the plank from the boat, he seized his hand once more and exclaimed: 'By the way, Morpeth, I had almost, in my grief at parting with you, neglected to send any message to that most estimable lady, Victoria. Say to her that I, the Mayor of this city, send her my most profoundest regards; and should she ever visit this glorious Union, and will come to our beautiful city—the rival of Cincinnati, missalled the Queen of the West—that Dick D—— and myself will guarantee to her the very jolliest time she ever had in her life!'

"Lord M. shook his hand once more, promised to deliver *his* message, and left in the midst of a round of cheers and laughter.

"Poor Charley W——, how he would have delighted in welcoming the Prince of Wales, who doubtless would have found the promised reception more to his taste than that of his mother. But I have lost sight of him for many years, and never do I expect to find a warmer heart than beat in the be-ruffled breast of Charley, the first mayor of our rising city."

"A real jolly good fellow was Dr. S——. I was introduced to him just as the steamer *North Star* was leaving her dock at New York for Europe. For the first twenty-hours 'Richard was himself'; but that fell destroyer, who spares neither age, sex, nor condition—sea-sickness—seized him, and nothing more was seen of the jolly Doctor for several days. We had left the Banks, and were steaming along beautifully, when one *morning* I saw the Doctor's head emerging from the lower regions. But what a *face!*—long, lugubrious, distressed—his *hair not* cared for, dress untidy, eyes *blood*-shot. I could scarce believe this apparition was the jolly Doctor who had *kept* us all in a roar the first day out.

"Well, my dear Doctor, how do you feel by this time?"

"*Feel!*' said he—and there was an unmistakeable earnestness in his eye—'*feel!* I feel as though I had but two objects in life now: one is, to put *my* foot once more on *terra firma;* and the other, to find out and whip the fellow who wrote "A Life on the Ocean Wave!'"

For the Guide.

To Raphael Palette.

Your article of April is at hand, and I should appear animated with more than ordinary hostility, were I to continue to furnish you with fresh occasion for repeating the vigor of that *imagination* in which you shine with such extraordinary felicity. With facts and argument like Mr. Booth's of Iowa, except with a faint one in the desert of your assertions, (an oasis, here and there), you do not deal. You have abandoned the idea of a new Deaf Asylum in New England. Let it here rest. If the public and the mutes did not see your sophism shattered by my premises and conclusions, it is because they had prejudice against a Southern man, and would applaud your irrelevancies through the entire rhetorical zodiac. I do not reply now because I see any force in your observations. *There is really none*: but to hold the mirror up to you and to let you see yourself as in a *looking* glass. Sancho Panza's ass cannot array itself against Bucephalus. You cannot urge it on to *sense*, due to discernment; like a mule it will not budge an inch! you cannot turn it any way. Standing still, you belabor in vain, what an ox goad will not move! you must excuse me for using a witticism to match your own lame effort to ridicule me. You may get behind "Achilles," and *peck* at his heel to your heart's content. *You* cannot *floor* him.

Well to your assertions—I do not consider them potent enough to be elevated into any class of solid arguments; if citizenship be to "exercise national, civil and political privileges" that does not constitute power, or *authority*. Your quotation concerning unnaturalized foreigners, (or even had you mentioned the fully naturalized) is not sufficient to carry conviction in any mind not wofully stultified into wonder for yourself and Mr. Booth. Why the constitution excludes even naturalized foreigners from having the Presidency! Is this no precedent that in American politics *we* mutes cannot *pari passu*? Your "light," thus mincingly given, and with an affectation of superior discernment, cannot clear up any "error" that may have possessed me, for you do not fundamentally point out that error. First exhibit the mistake before you tilt, like a knight, against the premises. If a generality of the voters of this country do not acquire office or preferment,—if on the contrary one class of the people, (to our shame as freemen) have all high office by elections and rule, to wit; the lawyers,—where is your beautiful system to be annihilating the force of a position that surmounts every conclusion you would draw? None but lawyers are presidents—the only interlude is some military chief! Washington was the only agriculturist by profession and avocation, who ever sat over the destinies of our country. In fact, sir, this is not a Republic. It is a mere Legoarchy. A land of the government of legal gentlemen. What data can you derive from even the elective franchise of the hearing to *non plus* me? Cannot we then in the prospective Gallaudetia, both from the actual operation of our national frailty and the practice of the community, obtain a precedent for excluding all but mutes from higher authority?

But to make this *mirror* more plain and explicit I will quote one of your paragraphs, and by interposing SENSE show how utterly fallacious is your attempt to out reason me.

"Mr. Flournoy denies that citizenship is power. On analysis, I find that citizenship is a *sort* of power, by which citizens can elevate their selected fellow citizen to the high honors of the land"—(but how *selected*, when caucuses and conventions fix up all the machinery as to *who* shall be candidate, and invariably select some lawyer;—Bell, Breckinridge, Douglas, and Lincoln, representing every party, were lawyers,—and why cannot mutes in a state of their own, *select* mutes only)—"it matters not whether the candidates are humble cobblers or lawyers"—of course not where all be deaf that is selected. "This power is called popular sovereignty. The powers of legislation are devolved upon their elected representatives." "Mutes of course, they are generally regarded as prerogatives."

How does that read Mr. Palette? But I deny that legislation is prerogative in this country of constitutions. Where the Parliament is omnipotent, as in England,—where it is above even the monarch, it is prerogative. Mr. Palette does not seem to understand the defination of "prerogative."

As to the constitution *not* protecting minorities in your view and protecting majorities; this is not truth, but a mere attempt at ingenious legerdemain in argument! Constitutions never are made to protect majorities in a Republic. They are designed for the security of minorities from the effect of the voting power of majorities; as Law is formed to protect the feeble from the strong, and the innocent from the felonious. I thought you ought to comprehend this, and not, in a vain attempt to kick Bucephalus, to risk your reputation for profound penetration with the public.

Two inconsistencies! Well if I did say the "mutes should drive hearing children out of the colony," I should be grateful for you to refer to the page and volume of the Annals. It is not so worded there—nor is it inferred, unless the busy brain of my opponent has transmuted a denial of authority in the highest places to these children as hearing persons, into a "driving of them out." No such construction can be justified. If they leave because of this feature in our constitution, why let them But it is not forcing them to go off!

If the colony of Plymouth had wealthy men—they were not extraordinarily affluent,—and the settlement was effected by hard laboring people,—who built the towns and cleared the forests. Winthrop may have sat and looked on, but he was not a necessary component element in the society. If there were no such men as he—the colony would still flourish. And there is a wide diffierence between a rolling ocean of two or three thousand miles, over which to obtain supplies, and a hundred miles or less of land, from the vicinity of civilised life. The colony of Liberia derives nothing from the Parent Society except a transportation of emigrants, and *finding* them a year or six months during acclimation. Once transported, they are left to their own sources. The liberated slaves are too indigent to go without this provision. Free persons of color do not draw upon the society for aid. Is this not the fact?

What you have further said is unworthy notice. When the colony is in motion I *may go*, and fifty mutes are enough to commence with. And as to their garrulity, will they talk when at work? Do hearing men talk when working? why no man can think accurately and keep up a conversation without stopping when engaged in labor! None ever does. What did you mean in alluding to our garrulity in a former number? That we would always be stopping and talking? How preposterous! How at this rate is it possible for your respected President, Thomas Brown, to have so nice a farm and such plenty, at Henniker? Do you say that to introduce a mute colony of industrious men around him, would interrupt his thrift by their incessant jabberings! Take now, Mr. Raphael, when you *attempt* to reason against me and your own consciousness of better things in our mutes lest the world may consider you and all the mutes who write of me in the strain you do, as interested in worshipping the dark side—and the mutes, themselves, finally cast you off, as a reckless slanderer of their capacities.

Your allusion to the origin of the death of animals is worth little consideration. You really do not controvert my argument as to where your infidelity appears. I will endeavor "hoping against hope," to show you the grounds of your alarming fallacy. You say that death happened not to brutes before Adam fell: but in the first number in which your "Tattler" alluded to Geology, you had portrayed that the bones of a dead fish was discovered in the fossil of one of the huge reptiles, which lived before the creation of man,—for geologists have proved that those bones found in rocks were embedded (dead) some thousand years before Adam, for it took ages to have made the soft clay, in which the reptile died, a hard rock. Geology, therefore, proved a death of an animal, long before Adam. This you admitted, but wondered, like a sceptic, how it was if the Bible revealed death *after* Adam's fall. The inference was, then, that the Bible is untrue! And you left this harrassing,—this perplexing doubt to the untenable faith of those mutes who read the guide, but had no depth of philosophy to unriddle your enigma; you knew that Satan had taken possession of a kind of beast now known as a crawling serpent, but then which evidently was footed; and that the arch enemy, could not possibly have entered Eve, until after her fall, and subjection, like this animal to death, at least you ought to have comprehended as much, if you could speculate on the improbability of dying before the fall, as to brute nature. In this shape the devil corrupted Eve and *adapted* her to the nature of a brute! She then knew evil; but hitherto, only had cognizance of good. In other words, her mind dwelt on nothing else, and experience, taught only purity of life.

Instead of nobly acknowledging the light, I had afforded you, you *pervert* like some gladiator or gamester, in endeavoring to gloss over your error with false *point*. It does not take! We can believe both the Bible and Geology; science but saves the veracity of Scripture. The [illegible] of France and the philosophers of Sc[illegible] have like you, held up apparent discrepancies between the declaration of holy writ and the discoveries of geologists, as [illegible]duction against belief in Moses' w[illegible]. Nevertheless christian philosophers [illegible] proved too hard for them, and the g[illegible] has been but the brighter burnished [illegible] the tritation. I told you time and [illegible] that Moses never said anything abou[illegible] death; and you hold up to me, what [illegible] call physiology and metaphysics, [illegible] *trump* for your hypothesis! It make[illegible] difference if man's body and that of a [illegible] be similar, for God is able to impart [illegible] petual life to either: aud a miracle [illegible] worked on Adam after he ate the [illegible] forbidden, that *likened* him to brutes [illegible] could not have known what "death" [illegible] from the mere word, "ye shall surely [illegible] if he had not seen dead animals. [illegible] he were ignorant, God would have [illegible] more words to describe what death [illegible] Do you suppose God for the first [illegible] killed a beast and clothed him wit[illegible] skin?—or that the beast was not al[illegible] dead, and skins familiar to Adam a[illegible] wife? We must confine to scriptu[illegible] go beyond it, where it is silent, wi[illegible] aid of physiology and metaphysics.

Christian geologists and others gi[illegible] earth six different stages or perio[illegible] formation, each of a thousand years [illegible] one of these durations the bones yo[illegible] scribed are found. But not a ma[illegible] man's only is seen on the surface [illegible] soil of the past geological formation, [illegible] finishing period. And did not the A[illegible] Peter say, "one day is to Him as a t[illegible] and years, and a thousand years as [illegible] day?" He creating all in six.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

Athens, Georgia, April, 1861.

NOTE.—Constitutions do not [illegible] majorities. This I say with respect [illegible] the talents of Raphael Palette; but I [illegible] not, in view of my important Deaf and Dumb project, allow adversaries to [illegible] philosophize my mission from on H[illegible] to these unfortunate objects, that he [illegible] pleased to style "poor *devils*," be [illegible] penurious, into nothing. Majorities [illegible] able in *all* sorts of government to p[illegible] themselves; and large majorities can [illegible] and alter constitutions! When a [illegible]stitution declares the majority shall r[illegible] by elections, it merely utters an axio[illegible] makes no change in the natural fo[illegible] of circumstances. They protect the mi[illegible] by defining *what* laws the majority may make, and by restraining others tha[illegible] may oppress the minority; and this bears upon the general welfare. There can [illegible] despotism of the few but by the aut[illegible]ity or concurrence of the people in the m[illegible]ity composing the army, and that [illegible] supported by subjects, elsewhere, of [illegible]whelming numerical magnitude. I[illegible] minority that always need some *Magna Charta* to tell the majority *how far* to go. So, all civilians and soldiers, together favoring a despotism, form the m[illegible]ity, out-numbering the reluctant mi[illegible]ity. This majority, in its latent force, e[illegible]ts in England, France, Russia, Turkey, [illegible] &c. *Analyze* and see, Mr. Palette, if this be not the fact. How then, in dealing matters with *me*, could you so [illegible]nently leap to a conclusion, and [illegible] paradox, that you can sustain [illegible] resource of your mind, or power of [illegible] penetration.

NOTE SECOND.—R. Palette a[illegible] a refutation of but a few of my [illegible] He is silent on some of them wh[illegible] the mute community of intelligence o[illegible] to see refuted ere they triumph in his [illegible]sions. He seems to consider mer[illegible] assertions argument, and rhapsody as [illegible] For instance, again, he says my [illegible] remark that "constitutions are made for [illegible] minority" is the "rant of disappoint[illegible] politicians." Now, who were these [illegible] politicians," but Southern gentlemen, [illegible] infraction of the rights of the *minor* [illegible] by the *major* North, and with a [illegible] to sustain Free Trade and Slavery? [illegible] Mr. P. asserts this, he inconsistently [illegible] his relish for keeping "a young [illegible]," (a slave), for defending the posse[illegible] of which servant, he calls Southern [illegible] ranting disappointed politicians! He must have meant *slave*, for the allusion [illegible] direct contravention to my nega[illegible] of such property in Gallaudetia. It is unnecessary further to notice him; as his wish is not truth, but successful sophistry.

What can deaf men of discerning minds, what can hearing men of intelligent penetration expect from the puerile efforts of a writer to ovorthrow a system he does not appear to comprehend? Why do second or third rate scribblers, like Booth and Palette, &c., suppose themselves capable of managing a controversy with one whose every letter has only exhibited the sandy foundation on which a few mute fops and exquisites in the audible world, would, delighted with an ephemeral reputation and humble competence, construct, or think they have constructed, mountains to keep the mutes forever in a low, or secondary scale of life, when some of us, to say nothing of home preferment, can fill important places as Ambassadors, where all communications are carried on by writing.

F.

P. S.—I have not regarded it worth while to give Mr. Palette in this reply a serious answer, because it is so easy to blow away the bubbles he has reared as formidable barriers to *our* progress. He is evidently no flattering friend to his class of people! He says he had no objection to Congress granting us land, provided it gives us not the *Government!!* This is his meaning, not his exact words. He then wants us subservient to those he in a former number called our "superiors." For my own part I revolt against an attitude so humiliating and degrading! The soul makes the man, and an intellectual and moral deaf mute is far superior to the common herd of often depraved and reckless hearing. *What does Raphael Palette want us to be?* I would rather go into the *wilderness* with the poorest mutes in the country, than stultify myself with the idea, that every hearing man is my superior, natural or acquired. Mr. P. made no distinction in our favor at all, but left us to infer that he said *all* deaf men are inferior to all hearing. How easy and how trifling the work to refute his assumptions! He infers that the disobediance in part of the North and the South to the Constitution, and their miscellaneous constructions of it to suit either latitude, were "anomalies," and that I sought to make out a "precedent" from them. If they be mere anomalies, they have worked to so tremendous a catastrophe as the dismemberment of the United States Government, and scandalized the Revolution and the hopes of Washington and our noble ancestors. They are not then mere "anomalies," but are of respectable moment enough to serve for *precedents*. Again, he says that the soldiers of the Revolution lost their lands, given by Congress, on sharpers, and that the Asylum bounty accrued not to Dr. Gallaudet or Mr. Clere, but to the coffers of the Asylum. What arguments are *these* to confound my position, that, having made *such* grants Congress has given a precedent for making others? Well did I say in the body of this correspondence that his declarations were unworthy consideration. Men, both hearing and mute, have philosophy to discern, deeper than he imagines or would give them credit for. They see, if they would be candid and honest enough to allow, that I have sustained my point; that Congress *can* avail of the Constitution to grant us authority in some Territory, while the hearing enjoy the privileges there of citizenship like naturalized foreigners; that it can extend to us the territory for which I petitioned; that deaf mutes can emigrate thither, notwithstanding the wealthy, like the rich young man forsaking the Saviour's service, may refuse to accompany; that the establishment of this little republic is a fair possibility; and if these were otherwise, controversy against the project ought to come supported or maintained by more cogent and impregnable reasons than those adduced by Mr. Booth and any of his collaborators!

J. J. F.

N. B.—In taking leave of Mr. Raphael Palette (or the *great* painter with his brush,) on the Deaf Commonwealth idea, for he is unable to throw any light on the subject that can be commended to a philosopher, I must say that I nowhere have denied hearing citizens the right to vote and trade, and as to becoming freeholders, that matter, I hinted in a letter to Mr. Turner (see annals) that it would be left to the deliberations of a convention of mutes. They may hold a certain quantity of land. But to prevent influence over the government, and corruption, I think this will be a matter of much debate. None, of course, but mutes, are to hold the higher offices. Petty offices, the auricular part of the community, by election, may possess. My object being purely to afford our class a chance of gaining emolument, having influence, and by experience to the world, evincing capacity,—thus to introduce our brethren, in other nations, into some share of honorable and lucrative official distinction. If it were not for this Government and intention, I would go to no colonization at all. Mr. Booth's and Mr. Porter's recommendation of emigrants to settle in a township, controlled by hearing men, I disdain with ineffable repugnance. We must have a GOVERNMENT or forever we will remain in *statu quo*. It is unless going to any new country if we cannot govern and control our own destiny. My aim is to show that we mutes have political capacity, experience, and sagacity; that, some of us may be as wise as Socrates, and as profound as Webster or Calhoun; that, by neglect under a mistaken idea, or that indolence that would make no arrangement for our facility in conferring in deliberative assemblies, or other places, we are totally and criminally abandoned to our education, or our isolation. How can this be done, is the question? Can we *wait* till all the national territories become States, and not a foot of ground for us to be found?

We would hold out an invitation to our hearing brethen to emigrate with us. The bone and sinew, if they go will soon transform the forest, into cultivated farms and smiling villages. The "bone and sinew" deaf and hearing will with muscle, and mind enough, work wonders. There will be people plentifully that can hear, that would live in our community,—for our taxation will be light, our laws protecting the innocent, rigid, pure and impartial—not as in other states, abfuscated, twisted and misdirected, by rascally lawyers, and stultified, or perjurious juries, or interested judges. These hearing fellow citizens would be glad to live in a place where so much "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," without aspiring to have anything to do with the government. There are myriads of hearing citizens that will not accept the Presidency or governorship, even, in this confederacy. Such men will quietly trade and thrive among us. Abstract principle or nonprinciple, alone, now carps and carks about my plan. Its possibility is manifest. Deaf mutes won't have to go alone. Their friends in hosts will follow them. The experience of years will draw more,—until, finally, for the sake of governing, the most opulent mutes take the same migration! We do not want to go to the untenanted wilds of the West: we want to stay where now we are, scattered among our hearing brethren. But we are forced to *essay* this resource as the only way by which many of us can derive better means of living; can have honor and distinction; and can show the error that supposes us only capable of being peasants, mechanics, schoolmasters and clerks of record.

F.

TO "EN AVANT."—You may laud Edmund Booth and Raphael Palette as much as may gratify your heart, but nothing you have said in the April number last conveys any sentiment. If deaf mutes visit and keep you long, it is your own fault; for they were unsophisticated enough to think you free from all sophistry, and they naturally, like heirs of the skies, were so devoid of deceit themselves, and so simple as to suppose you honestly meant what you said, and wished them to prolong their stay, and "call often!" God forbid we deaf mutes should be possessed of any lying spirit, which could induce us to ask any person to "stay longer" when we wish him at Beelzebub.

Society is so much given to lying, that Satan, the father of lies, will reap a plentiful crop out of this vein! It is a woful weakness. It ought not to be used even for "manners." Deaf people do you credit when they believe you not to be double-tongued and two-faced, and *take you at your word*. When they are in Gallaudetia, they will use no sort of deceit or deception; *will mean just what they say*, like the holy angels, and find their way to God's throne with singleness of heart, soul, talk and eye. And we intend this for a pattern of character to a world lost in dissimulation.

J. J. F.

THE DIVINE MIND AND THE HUMAN MIND.—Sir J. Mackintosh, while visiting Paris, met a deaf and dumb boy, and asked him "Does God reason?" He answered, "To reason is to hesitate, to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of a limited intelligence. God sees all things, forsees all things, knows all things; therefore God doth not reason."

A REMARKABLE EVENT.—In ancient history, Atys, whose father was Crœsus, King of Greece, was dumb from his childhood. When he saw his father about to be slain, the violence of his passion broke the bonds with which his tongue was tied, and he cried out to save him.

A DEAF OLD LADY BEHEADED.—The bloody Assize is remembered to this hour by the English. It began at Winchester, England, where a poor deaf old lady, Mrs. Alicia Lisle, the widow of one of the judges of Charles the First who had been murdered abroad by some Royalist assassins, was charged with having given shelter in her house to two fugitives, who tried to escape cruelty. The jury three times refused to find her guilty, until Jeffreys bullied and frightened them into that false verdict. When he had extorted it from them, he said "Gentlemen, if I had been one of you, and she had been my own mother, I would have found her guilty." He sentenced her to be burned alive that very afternoon. The clergy of the cathedral and some others interfered in her favor, so she was beheaded within a week.

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